THE

RAMBLES

OF

MR. FRANKLY.

VOL. II.

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OR

Mr. TRANKLEY.

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THE RAMBLES OF MR. FRANKLY.

RAMBLE II.

THE RESOLUTION.

MY firſt ramble had taught me to be content;—it was more wiſdom than I had ever acquired by ſtudy—Man is naturally deſirous of improving his underſtanding—and 'tis the moſt laudable ambition of the mind.—"My firſt ramble has taught "me to be content," ſaid I; "there-"fore I will take a ſecond—I may

" gain ſomething likewiſe by that;"
" —Or you may loſe," whiſpered Reflection,—" what you gained by " the former."—The thought was an affront to my underſtanding—we are not always able to ſet bounds to the airy flights of imagination—my reſolution continued.—" I can, now," ſaid I, " by the peace which I feel " ſeated in my own boſom, ex- " perience the higheſt delight in " rambling o'er a ſmall part of that " flowery world which the God of " Nature has given to his creatures. " —My boſom is ſerene and placid— " every ſcene will give me pleaſure— " or an opportunity of employing " the knowledge I have acquired

" to

" to the advantage of others. I have
" been in the purſuit of the happy,
" and will now go in purſuit of the
" miſerable; which I ſhall have but
" little difficulty to find—unleſs the
" world be much altered within a few
" weeks—Chance ſhall guide my
" ſteps—and I will not be limited to
" time or place—I will endeavour to
" make every one who will liſten to
" my arguments as happy as I am."
—The ſcheme was formed by Bene-
volence—Julia and Virtue approved
it.—Putting a few pounds in my
pocket, I ſet off on a Monday morn-
ing, bidding Julia not think of my
return till ſhe ſaw me.—I left my
love, and my little ones to her care,

and we parted with eaſe and ſatisfaction—If ſhe had dropt a tear, I would not have gone;—but ſhe knew it was my province to glean up and diſperſe knowledge—and ſhe experienced happineſs from the ſame ſource as that which gave it to me.—

THE SOLILOQUY.

"SOME," ſaid I, reflecting as I walked, "would have called "me a fool for going in purſuit of "happineſs—but all the world would "call me a madman for going in the "purſuit of miſery and pleaſure at "the ſame time—Yet why ſhould "the children of inconſiſtency ſo

"un-

" unmercifully belabour me with
" epithets I don't deſerve?—I pur-
" ſued happineſs—and although I am
" convinced ſhe is not to be perfectly
" enjoyed on this ſide the great and
" myſterious gulph of eternity; yet
" Content, the ſiſter of Happineſs,
" has kindly ſhewn me that I poſſeſs a
" greater portion of her favours than
" thouſands of the ſons and daughters
" of Adam.—I go in ſearch of plea-
" ſure, and ſhall obtain the prize—
" not from guilt and folly—but from
" ſeeing the many beautiful preſents
" the Author of my exiſtence has
" made to the large family from
" which I ſprang—every lovely
" proſpect and variegated ſcene will

" open and expand my mind.—We
" may learn virtue—humility—and
" benevolence—from the great and
" beautiful order of things in this
" garden of life.—I go in ſearch of
" the miſerable, that I may alleviate
" their diſtreſs—by endeavouring to
" perſuade them that thorns as well as
" roſes ſpring up on every ſoil."

St. PAUL's.

SO fixt were my contemplations on the wiſdom and folly which led me to ramble, that I ſaw not the ſpacious, noble, and almoſt everlaſting building, till I was oppoſite one of its doors—which, like the door of

of heaven, ſtood open to all thoſe who choſe to enter in.—The ſound of muſick ever charms my ear. I ſtept in—who could wantonly refuſe the invitation?—Notwithſtanding I had been there fifty times before, content had ſpread ſuch a placidneſs round my ſoul, that I viewed it with an eye of wonder and delight—I bleſt the architect of the noble ſtructure—which promiſed to ſtand unmoved through the revolving period of many ages.—" The man," ſaid I, " had a proper reſpect for that Being " to whom this edifice was to be " dedicated—and would gladly have " made it reach the ſkies.—I will," ſaid I, " when prayers are ended,

" convey myſelf to the ſame height " he carried the top of St. Paul's."—Prayers were ſoon ended—but my heart was the lighter for the bleſſing it received—With ſome difficulty, and through many a winding narrow paſſage, I reached the top of the tower.—" If a man could go to " heaven in this manner," ſaid I, " it would be a mighty eaſy way of " aſcending—becauſe the path, tho' " narrow, is not difficult to find;— " and when he has run himſelf out " of breath, he may ſtop till he has " regained it"—" And a man might " climb much eaſier to heaven than " I did to the top of St. Paul's," ſaid I again—" and find many more

" agree-

" agreeable reſting places than I have
" done in my paſſage up hither.—I
" have had no ſocial companion,
" whoſe converſation would prevent
" me from counting the tedious ſteps
" as I climbed;—and inſtead of roſes
" and violets being ſtrewn in my way
" —I have had only darkneſs—weeds
" —the worm and the ſpider to
" attend me."—I reached the top—
the gloom was diſperſed—and if I had wanted to go higher, I ſeemed as if I could have graſped a cloud to aſſiſt me in my flight;—but Julia and her children kept me from aſpiring any higher—and ſo long as I could one day ſecure me a place in heaven, I ſhould have been unwilling

to

to leave them ſo ſuddenly without a guide upon earth.—I looked down —how little ſeemed the great, the buſtling world beneath me!—and the people who were moving with ſo much ſelf-importance, appeared to my eyes no bigger than Gulliver's Lilliputians—whilſt I was near conceiting myſelf as big as one of his Brobdignags—ſo apt are people to ſuppoſe themſelves *great*—becauſe they happen to be placed in an *exalted* ſituation.—What a ſcene of irregularity and confuſion appeared the enchanting, populous city!—houſes ſeemed crouding on houſes—and ſtreet on ſtreet—yet the proſpect charmed me—and I wiſhed to be placed on

ſo

ſo high a mountain that I could ſee all the wonders of the earth at once.—Ambition was ſlyly entering through my eyes into my mind—a man can never be too much upon his guard—it was under the borrowed name of Curioſity it entered :—for the inhabitants of the mind, like thoſe of the world, often like to friſk in maſquerade.—I began to think how wonderfully I ſhould write—look—and talk—and how the gaping multitude would croud to get a peep at the man *who had ſeen the whole world at once.*—It was time for me to deſcend—and at my firſt beginning to leave the eminence to which I had raiſed myſelf, I could not keep my pride from

from being wounded at the thought, that, poſſibly, I ſhould, in this my ſecond important ramble, become a Lilliputian in the eyes of ſome one, whoſe curioſity might lead him to the top of St. Paul's before the evening. —When I got into the ſtreet, I became more ſatisfied;—for though I found ſome people bigger than myſelf, I found others that were leſs:—but my heart told me I had acted wrong —pride was not made for man—but I had made the houſe of humility and prayer the temple of pride—and why? —becauſe a part of it ſhews to my enquiring eyes a ſmall view of the wonderful works of Him to whom the building was dedicated—I love to acknowledge

knowledge my faults—when I am convinced of them—and had not the doors been ſhut, I would have returned, and in ſome private corner knelt for forgiveneſs—and begged that pride might never more enter thoſe doors into which I had carried it:—and that all who went in there might have thoſe ſupplications granted which were fervently and ſeriouſly offered to Him who knows the ſecrets of every heart.—The wiſh did not paſs through my lips:—but as it was a charitable one, *Benevolence* carried it to Heaven—and there it ſtands regiſtered oppoſite the account which *Juſtice* had carried—when *Pride* held the dominion.

THE DOG.

"COME hither," ſaid I,—and I rewarded his watchful attendance by coaxing and patting his head—till that moment I had not obſerved his following me.—"Thou "art a faithful creature, Tray, and "art welcome to attend thy maſter; "—for often haſt thou been my com-"panion in fatigue, light and darkneſs "—many a ſtorm haſt thou braved "on my account—and thou wouldſt "not ſcruple to defend me againſt "an armed highwayman, were he to "attack me."—Money would hardly purchaſe ſuch fidelity.—"Tray, thou

" art a diſintereſted friend," ſaid I;—he lifted up his head—ſhook his tail—and looked as if he would have ſaid—" Thou art a kind maſter."—But though ſpeech was denied him—gratitude was placed in his heart.—Gratitude muſt ever do honor to the heart it inhabits;—though it is the heart of a dog.—Why will mankind ſuffer themſelves to be put to ſhame by animals?—If I were incapable of gratitude, I ſhould be infinitely inferior to honeſt Tray.—Gratitude is ſo amiable an inhabitant of the mind—that it will teach a man to be a good maſter to every faithful ſervant in his family.—

THE STAGE-COACH.

A Stage-Coach juſt ſtopt at the Bear, in ***, as I paſt it.—"I "will dine here," ſaid I—"for if "variety of diſhes are not placed "upon the table—variety of cha-"racters will be placed around it." —I went into the room, and ſat down with the company.—

THE DINNER.

"I Wiſh your health, Sir," ſaid a ſtranger.—I thanked him—it was one of the beſt of wiſhes.—I looked around me—it was a motley ſcene.

ſcene.—A jack tar—a fine lady—a female author—a mountebank doctor—and the ſentimental Rambler, with his dog Tray.—The fine lady found fault with every thing, as fine ladies uſually do—and called upon her ſtars for patience—impatiently threatening to chaſtiſe her ſervants for not being ready to attend her as ſoon as ſhe arrived—the ſailor curſed her maggots, and praiſed the dinner—the mountebank endeavoured to compliment himſelf into the lady's good graces—by being, in every thing, of her opinion—the female writer ſat and eat her meal with ſilent humility—yet ſighing—the ſigh ſtopt at my ear—calling for pity.—I eat but ſparingly—and

as I had dined before the reſt of the company—found time for the following ſentimental

OBSERVATIONS.

"WHAT different diſpoſitions—"and odd mixture of cha-"racters," ſaid I, "are often en-"cloſed in that vehicle, a ſtage-"coach—and in the rooms in which "they ſtop to take refreſhment!—"Many a ſweet-heart has been gained "and loſt—a diverting ſtory and diſ-"mal love tale told—many a happy "meeting—and unexpected diſaſter "have been met with beneath its "narrow roof—and could theſe walls

"ſpeak,"

" ſpeak," ſaid I, " what ſtrange
" ſecrets might they diſcloſe!—what
" diverting ſcenes might they un-
" fold!—A man might amuſe himſelf
" exceedingly by liſtening to ſo di-
" verting a hiſtory."

THE SURPRIZE.

WHEN I looked up—aſtoniſh-
ment took place of reflection
—and I was heartily diſpleaſed with
the abſence and inattention my
thoughts had led me into—The fine
lady—the ſailor, and mountebank
had all taken a French leave—and
becauſe they thought politeneſs un-
neceſſary at an inn, forgot good man-

ners—The ſmart female, who I had found by the jeers of her companions to be an author, ſat oppoſite to me—in as profound a reverie as I had juſt come out of.—" She is unhappy," ſaid I,—" and I will ſpeak to her.—" Julia would not be jealous of me " were I to converſe in private with " all her ſex."—

THE TETE A TETE.

" YOUNG lady," ſaid I, " you " appear unhappy."—" And " my appearance does not deceive " you, Sir," ſaid ſhe,—" for I am " marked by fortune as an object of " her hate."—" She is blind," ſaid I,

I, " or ſhe would not treat you ſo " rigidly—'tis hard, fortune and the " world will be ſuch enemies to " merit—you know not that I have " any pretenſions to the latter, though " no favorite with the former—hu- " mility is an undoubted proof of " merit."—" But ſenſe is of but " little worth," ſaid ſhe, " unleſs " accompanied by wealth—generous " minds are ever open and above " diſtruſt."—She told me the follow- ing ſtory.—

THE NARRATIVE.

" BEING unluckily born with a
" competent ſhare of ſenſe,
" and an uncommon deſire of im-
" proving it, I ſpent that period of
" my life in ſtudy which the gene-
" rality of both ſexes uſually ſpend
" in idleneſs and folly.—The deſire
" of knowledge encreaſed with my
" years—the men called me a mon-
" ſter, the women a fool—My father
" died—he left me without a fortune
" —I was thrown upon an unpitying
" world—ſurrounded with enemies,
" and expoſed to inſults.—A young
" man,

" man, who had long in ſecret loved
" me, and to whom I had given my
" heart, now ſtept forth and offered
" me his hand—I accepted the offer,
" and we were married.—But misfor-
" tune cruelly purſued us, and in
" every means we undertook to pro-
" cure a livelihood we were unſuc-
" ceſsful—His misfortunes, though
" beyond the reach of humanity to
" foreſee, were all imputed to his
" having a bookiſh wife—yet it was
" not in the power of ill luck to
" divide our hearts.—I publiſhed
" under a fictitious name, and the
" world approved the work—I heard
" the applauſes beſtowed on my per-
" formance with pleaſure—it was all

" the reward I received—and it would
" not keep my worthy huſband from
" a gaol—to which place an unfeel-
" ing creditor ſent him a few days
" ſince.—I am come to this city to
" ſell a manuſcript in my poſſeſſion—
" and hope to diſpoſe of it for a
" ſum ſufficient to releaſe my huſ-
" band from confinement;—and we
" will then tranſport ourſelves to
" ſome other climate, in hopes of
" finding it more hoſpitable."—
" Heaven ſpeed thy labours," ſaid I,
" and crown them with ſucceſs! May
" Providence give thee a little; for
" I know thou wouldſt be content
" therewith—my heart claims a
" friendſhip with thine—and I have

" a wife

" a wife who would be glad to ſhare
" a part—and in her name I entreat
" you to accept this mite."—She put back my hand—" May you ever
" know the pleaſure it is to give," ſaid ſhe, riſing, " and never beſtow
" your benevolence on unworthy ob-
" jects—I have five guineas in my
" pocket, and my manuſcript is ſtill
" unſold—you may meet many ob-
" jects poorer than I am."—To think of the ſuperior diſtreſs of others when in diſtreſs ourſelves, is a ſure proof of a noble ſoul.—I doubted not but the ſentiments her manuſcript contained were ſuch as I had heard her avow. I was unwilling to damp her hopes of ſucceſs—but diſappointments may be

ſoftened

ſoftened by the hand of friendſhip.—
" That thou haſt merit," ſaid I, " I
" am convinced—but haſt thou a
" friend amongſt the critics?"—" I
" truſt to my work alone—'tis that
" muſt ſpeak for me.—I know what
" you would ſay;—but I am armed
" for diſappointment."—She curtſied,
and left me—my eyes followed her
till they could purſue her no longer.
—" 'Tis well thou art armed for
" diſappointments," ſaid I, " my
" ſweet female Philoſopher—for hadſt
" thou the wiſdom of a Homer—
" the ſublimity of a Milton—the
" flowing eloquence of a Pope—the
" ſoaring genius of a Shakeſpeare—
" and the ſober, ſentimental gravity
" of

" of thy new friend—Ed. Frankly;
" —If thou haſt not friends amongſt
" the great—thou mayeſt, after living
" as poor and unnoticed as the latter
" —die as poor as the incomparable
" Antient did.—What then will
" avail the monuments, the jubilees,
" and the ſtrewing your grave with
" all the gaudy flowers of fame?—
" Such anticks may do honor to
" the generation who love to do
" merit honor even in death—but
" it muſt ever be a reproach on thoſe
" beings, who could let ſuch ſtars
" glide paſt them unnoticed. A man
" might exult in the thought of
" having his grave pointed at with
" reſpect—provided he could live

" with-

" without being wounded by the
" malice of envy, the ſting of con-
" tempt—and the iron hand of want
" —The merits I poſſeſs are but
" few—and but few there are can
" find I have any at all—yet they
" who never ſaw me, may find
" them when I am no more—
" but I deſire no one to viſit and
" reſpect me when I am dead, who
" would not diſtinguiſh me from the
" common herd of mankind when
" alive.—My ambition—of which
" I have but a ſmall portion—will
" end with my life—in reſpect to this
" world I mean—what my ambition
" will be reſpecting eternity—I ſhall
" tell no man:—therefore I would
" have

" have a *thorn* grow at the head of
" my grave—to prevent ſuch idle,
" unmeaning viſitors from treading
" down the turf—but it ſhould bend
" its head, and become a *myrtle* at
" receiving the tribute of a ſilent tear
" from a real friend—though that
" tear were all he had to offer.—The
" diſtreſs of another had ruffled the
" ſerenity of my temper—I felt the
" anguiſh I could not leſſen—and
" gave way to petulant complaints.
" I felt, that nature never deſigned
" me for a philoſopher; and I ac-
" knowledged my own vanity in pre-
" tending to teach others patience
" and fortitude before I had learnt
" them myſelf.—Experience, I find,

" will

" will teach a man knowledge," ſaid I, " but if I ramble in expectation " of loſing the infirmities of my " nature, diſappointment will be the " reward of my labour.—The feel- " ings and miſtakes of mortality are " implanted within me—and though " I will endeavour to ſhake off ſome " few by the aſſiſtance of reaſon— " and ſtrive to make others do the " ſame—which I hope I ſhall be able " to do—ſome will attend me till I " ſhake hands with time, and he " ſhake his ſcythe at me no more." —I left the inn as much a philoſopher as I entered it—and ſomething *wiſer* —for I found I was *a fool.*—

THE WALK.

"I Will walk to Iſlington—and as "I ſhall move but ſlowly, ſhall "get there but juſt in time to eat a "hot buttered roll at the White-"Conduit-Houſe."—I ſet off—and was ſoon out of the ſmoaky air of the city—and felt myſelf as light and airy as the birds which flew in triumph o'er my head—tuning their little harmonious throats.—"Can there," ſaid I, "amidſt this ſcene of innocent, "rural ſimplicity and chearfulneſs, "be a boſom filled with melancholy "and diſcontent?"—Imagination was too

too much charmed to ſuppoſe there could—though reaſon contradicted the flattering ſuppoſition.—" What " delightful proſpects of art and " nature!—what various, amuſing " landſcapes!—Were the inhabitants " of this world," ſaid I, " as com- " plete and charming as the world " itſelf, there would not be ſuch " murmurings—ſuch juſtling—and " driving one againſt the other—for " room enough there certainly is " for every man to walk at eaſe " and quiet."—But again I found myſelf miſtaken;—a young fellow—and two or three girls ruſhed paſt me with ſuch violence, they were near laying my contemplative worſhip

on

on the ground—becauſe I did not happen to ſee they wanted to paſs me—which I might have done had my eyes been placed as a hare's—for the advantage of ſeeing behind me.——" Friend," ſaid I, " cannot theſe fair Eves learn thee " more politeneſs—than rudely to " puſh againſt a ſtranger?—one who " never offended thee—but was ſe- " rioufly meditating on the beauties " of the creation—We are travelling " the ſame road—perhaps are going to " the ſame place—then why will you " unhoſpitably make the path which " would lead us to innocent amuſe- " ment, a ſcene of riot and rude- " neſs?"—" What," ſaid the youth,

" you want to join company—and " have one of theſe fair Eves to " yourſelf—none of your tricks upon " travellers—The next time you want " to moralize, good Mr. Benedict, " ſtay at home; 'tis the beſt place " for you—the polite world was not " made for philoſophers—they are " only ſcarecrows ſet up to fright the " young and gay—and whilſt they " preach to the world, and publickly " declaim againſt vice and folly, " they ſecretly indulge themſelves in " every kind of voluptuous licen- " tiouſneſs."—The railer and his Eves left me—the latter gigling at the ſmartneſs of their orator.—Gracious heaven! that a man in black

ſhould

ſhould be ſuſpected of wanting to cheat another man of his pleaſures, and ſhould be ſo tauntingly abuſed for admiring the works of his Creator —But I forgave him—and therefore reaped a pleaſure from being inſulted, which he did not ſuſpect I ſhould ſteal from him; and ſince I found a man who had reſolution to think ſeriouſly was ſuch a frightful bugbear to ſociety—I more gayly joined the throng.—" I will for the future," ſaid I, " be as ſoon ſuſpected for a Jeſuit " —as a man of reflection—when I " venture myſelf amidſt a croud."—

THE WHITE CONDUIT-HOUSE.

EVERY room was filled with company—I walked from the ſmalleſt to the largeſt—and with much difficulty at length ſqueezed myſelf down at one corner of a table—and, after waiting a conſiderable time, obtained ſome coffee and a roll.—Next me ſat two lovers, on whom my attention was ſo much employed—that I hardly looked at any other perſon in the room.

THE LOVERS.

NATURE had done her utmoſt in the formation of their perſons —both were equally pleaſing—youth and beauty were in the meridian of their triumph—The ſwain was eloquent —Love, timidity, and diſtruſt ſat on the features of the nymph.—Good heaven, what a number of thy Saints were called upon to riſe from their peaceful reſting places to witneſs to his truth, love and honor!—It made me doubt his ſincerity.—If a man ſpeaks the truth, he wants no evidence to confirm his veracity—and why does

he call upon thoſe to witneſs for him, whom he knows he calls upon in vain —all the Saints and Angels in heaven would have conſtant employment were they forced to attend as witneſſes to every love tale—and often would they appear mal-propos—and make a terrible havock with their honeſt faces. —None of them, however, came to contradict the all-ſolemn vows of this profeſſor of genuine ſincerity—but one appeared whom he did not call upon—and whoſe unexpected intruſion put him as much to the bluſh as St. Paul could have done.—" What," cried a female, who entered the room, " have I diſcovered you at laſt, with " the fine taudry madam for whom I

" am

" am forſaken?—but let her take
" care—her beauty is not ſuperior
" to mine.—I gave up friends, fa-
" mily, reputation and fortune—
" yet am I abandoned becauſe you
" chanced to meet another as fair."
—The addreſs cauſed a general confuſion—the young lady, at ſight of her rival, ſunk into the arms of the man from whom ſhe ſeemed to wiſh ſhe could have fled.—
" Clara," cried the youth to the enraged fair one, " you ſhall ſeverely
" repent this uſage."—" Permit me,
" Sir," ſaid I, " to aſſiſt this ſuffer-
" ing lady—and do you prevail on
" the other to withdraw—any farther
" inſults may prove fatal to ſo gentle
" a mind."—He left the young

beauty to my care, and withdrew with the other—who was not leſs injured.—My patient recovered, and I perſuaded her to walk with me into the garden.—She had been cruelly deceived by one of my ſex—but the ſerioufneſs of my behaviour would not permit her to ſuſpect me;—and ſhe the more readily complied, as her own ſex ſtood laughing at her diſtreſs, condemning loudly the folly of the girl:—I therefore led her through the apartment into—

THE GARDEN.

WHEN we had eſcaped from the unfeeling multitude, ſhe thus addreſs'd me:—"That heaven has ſent "me a friend in you, Sir, who appear "in dreſs and humanity as one of its "ſervants, I will ever be thankful— "I never ſo much wanted a friend as "in this hour—and had you not "aſſiſted me to eſcape from the won-"dering croud, my confuſion had "been as great as my diſtreſs.—You "ſaw me in company with, and "under the protection of a man "whom my parents diſapproved—

"but

" but on whoſe account I refuſed an
" amiable youth, whom they recom-
" mended as worthy my regard—and
" although I have for ſome time had
" reaſon to ſuſpect Rolando's ſin-
" cerity, I this afternoon left my
" father's houſe on pretence of viſit-
" ing a female friend—and accom-
" panied him to this place—He was
" exerting all his eloquence to prevail
" on me to accompany him to Scot-
" land—and, I fear, I ſhould have
" been the dupe of his artful pro-
" miſes, had not that unfortunate
" girl came and claimed her prior
" right.—Good God, cried ſhe, burſt-
" ing into tears, that another ſhould
" have a right to that heart which I
" vainly

" vainly thought was all my own!"
—Her tears affected me—they were the tears of ſuffering innocence and love—and ſhe looked like the humble lily bending with the dew-drops of the morning.—" Thou art a fairer " flower," ſaid I, " than any which " blooms in theſe beds around us— " but what will avail the charms of " beauty without the bloſſom of " diſcretion?—Thou haſt been im- " prudent, ſweet maid, but not " guilty. Love will often lead its " votaries to the brink of ruin, when " Providence will kindly interpoſe " and point out the danger—With- " draw thy heart from the boſom of " that artful deceiver—'tis a jewel of

" which

" which he knows not the value—
" and as an atonement for thy miſ-
" take, give it to the man thy parents
" have choſen for thy partner—time
" will ſhortly reconcile thee to a loſs
" which is not worth lamenting."—
" I will follow thy advice," ſaid ſhe;
" but muſt beg you to accompany me
" home—let me have the pleaſure
" of preſenting you to the beſt of
" parents—and thy preſence will pre-
" ſerve me from any farther inſults
" from that man, whom I will fly
" from with as much care as I ever
" ſtudied to behold him."—" I will
" order the coach," ſaid I,—" and
" go with thee."—

THE ALTERCATION.

WHEN we were juſt going to ſtep into the coach, the youth, who had occaſioned all this confuſion, made his appearance—and taking my companion by the hand—" Almena," ſaid he, " where are you going?—" would you leave me becauſe a mad " woman choſe to torment me?"—" Begone, Rolando,"—cried the agitated Almena—" my ſoul deſpiſes " thee, man."—" Impoſſible, my " angel!—you muſt not leave me—" By heaven, and heaven's Ruler, I " know her not."—" Swear no more

" by

" by that heaven," cried the affront-
ed, injured maid,—" you have too
" often prophaned it with your dark
" deceitful oaths—My heart is no
" longer yours—it ſhall be given,
" with my hand, to another—there-
" fore make atonement to that injured
" one in your poſſeſſion—Coachman,
" go on—I will hold no farther con-
" verſation with the baſe deſtroyer of
" innocence."—We left Rolando in
a ſtate of miſerable aſtoniſhment to
reflections of ſorrow and diſappoint-
ment—They were the wages he had
toiled for.—

THE HALF HOUR.

" THOU art a heroine," ſaid I, —delighted with the juſt ſpirit Almena had ſhewn—" Not farther " than words," ſaid ſhe, " for an- " guiſh is rankling within my boſom. " This is a cruel, ungrateful, a de- " ſigning world—what is to be found " in it but miſery?—Oh, Sir, it was " not an open enemy that has done " me this diſhonor—for then I could " have borne it—but it was Rolando " —my companion—one whom I " had choſen to be my guide—on " whom my ſoul repoſed itſelf for " peace

" peace—and in whoſe ſoft counſel
" I had long delighted—But I will be
" myſelf.—Almena will conquer this
" weak paſſion, and make her parents
" and Fidelio happy."—I was ſtruck with the greatneſs of her complaints —they were not the complaints of a romantic mind—but the natural effuſions of generoſity—piety—and ſuffering love.—I almoſt pitied the wretch who had loſt ſo fair a treaſure —I took her hand—" Think no more
" of words," ſaid I, " that were
" ſmoother than oil, but ſharper than
" ſwords—I am convinced, you
" know on whom to caſt your care
" —nor will he ſuffer ſo noble, ſo
" lovely a votary to his laws to weep
" in

" in vain—yet do not, young lady,
" rate the pleaſures and ſatisfactions
" of this life too low, becauſe diſap-
" pointment has reached your heart
" —the world has ten thouſand de-
" lights in ſtore for the favorites of
" fortune—and you ſeem juſtly to be
" one of them."

THE MEETING.

THE coach ſtopt at the door of an elegant building in ***** ſtreet—She lightly tript from it, and deſired me to follow her—I did ſo—and we entered a room where ſat a venerable pair and a handſome youth—Anxiety was painted on each of their countenances—the anxiety of the parents—and the lover—whilſt the roſe of ſpring was blooming on that of the fair ſpirit I attended.—"Almena, my deareſt child," cried the father, "why have you racked "the boſom of thy father, mother,

"and

" and that honeſt youth—who dares
" not ſpeak his anguiſh—with ſo
" many fears?—The friend you told
" us you were going to viſit has juſt
" been here—and to what lucky—or
" unfortunate circumſtance are we
" indebted to a viſit from this
" ſtranger?"—" Sir," cried the un-
diſſembling penitent, " Undutiful-
" neſs;—and friendſhip brought this
" gentleman to your dwelling—I left
" your paternal roof this afternoon
" to meet a man you forbade me
" to ſee—giving up duty, and all
" advantages of fortune; ingratitude
" and deceit were the rewards I met
" with.—Aſk me not to unfold any
" farther of the tale—ſuffice it to

" tell you, I, *happily*, found Rolando
" unworthy my regard before it was
" too late to ſee my error—my heart,
" diſguſted at the cheat impoſed upon
" it, again has returned to its long-
" forſaken manſion—and will for ever
" be ſteeled againſt the dangerous
" pleadings of deceit—I will ſee the
" man you ſo juſtly diſliked no more
" —pride, honor, and duty, joined
" to the ingratitude of a traitor, have
" cured me of a fooliſh and impru-
" dent paſſion. Fidelio," cried ſhe,
turning to him, " why are you ſo
" dejected ?——You hear what a
" thoughtleſs wanderer I have been
" from the path of prudence and of
" duty—Can you ſtill continue to

" love

" love me?"—" 'Till death ſeal my " lips—and I no longer can witneſs " to the unchanging verdure of the " laurel—which is an emblem of my " paſſion—I never can ceaſe to love " you."—" Enough," cried ſhe,— " truth is ſeated on your tongue— " my friendſhip and eſteem are al- " ready yours—and my heart will fly " to your boſom for refuge againſt " the ſtorms and cares of life.— " Take my hand, which Mr. Frankly " ſhall join to yours ere the moon " has gone twelve more of her jour- " nies through the ſkies."—The ſcene which enſued would require the pen of a Yorick to deſcribe.—

THE FAREWELL.

AFTER ſpending the evening in ſocial converſation, and beneath the ſmiling influence of hoſpitality—after reading in the eyes of the parents and lover that joy danced in their hearts—and being convinced that ſerenity was returned to Almena's, I retired, giving them a direction where to find me, and promiſing to join the hands of the young pair.—After thanking them for all their civilities, I roſe up to bid them farewell—for although I was to ſleep beneath

beneath their roof, I told them, as I came out to ramble, they muſt not expect to ſee me in the morning.—Almena followed me to the door of my apartment—at parting, ſhe ſaid, —" Prudence, reſolution, love, and " duty, ſhall again reconcile me to " the love of life, and obliterate all " remembrance of that perfidious " youth, from whoſe falſehood and " ingratitude Providence and you ſo " kindly ſaved me."—The apartment which gratitude had prepared for me was grand beyond deſcription—the bed was of the fineſt ſilk, and the ſofteſt down.—I was pleaſed with the owner of the dwelling for the reſpect he ſhewed me; but my heart was

humbled at the gaudy, expenſive ſcene around me—and ere the god of Sleep ſent his leaden meſſenger to cloſe my eyes—I could not forbear giving way to the following reflections.

THE REFLECTIONS.

HOW ſtrange and uncertain are the occurrences of life!—Who would have ſuppoſed that ſuch an apartment as this was this night to have encloſed that poor, unnoticed rambler, Frankly?—An apartment as fine as his ſovereign's—and which only wants that lovely ornament, Julia, to render it equal perhaps to his happineſs.—After all, this is at beſt—and at worſt—a pleaſing—diſpleaſing—comical life—and its inhabitants are as whimſical as its changes—To-morrow night, it is moſt likely,

I ſhall

I ſhall reſt upon a bed much coarſer than this—but content will help to ſmooth it.—I laid in ſuch ſtate I could not ſleep—and bluſhed at finding pride was ſinking me to folly—Shall a ſon of the duſt, ſaid I,—whoſe weak nature cannot ſupport itſelf if it does not ſink into the arms of ſlumber, and lay ſome hours abſorbed as if in the arms of death—ſuffer that kind friend, Repoſe, to be taken from him, becauſe he is ſurrounded with the labours of the ſilkworm, that induſtrious mechanick—Night is the favorite hour of reflection.—Life is a paſſing ſhadow—a waking dream—and all human grandeur is a ſcene of folly.—I began to think like myſelf,

myſelf, but I could not ſleep—and why?—I had forgotten to pay a debt before I laid me on the bed of down —and I paid it in the following manner.

THE DEBT.

"LET the vain and proud court
" the hand of ambition—
" Let obſequious meanneſs bend to
" tyranny in power—my little day of
" life I will ever and only dedicate
" to him who gave it.—I am con-
" vinced, life is of value to none but
" to the virtuous—and of but little
" real value even to them:—I cannot
" look back on one year that has not
" deprived me of ſome enjoyment—
" ſome ſocial friend.—I reſign myſelf
" to the will of Providence—my
" hopes are locked up in the extenſive
" boſom

" boſom of eternity.—Were that
" ſweet bud of everlaſting hope taken
" from the mind of man, what would
" avail the rectitude and lovelineſs of
" virtue?—how dejected would be
" her followers?—But as that cannot
" be ſtolen from my boſom, I will
" ever rejoice in the dignity of my
" nature—and my ſoul ſhall be above
" degrading it. Although the good
" things of this life are not all
" ſet upon my table, no torpid,
" dreadful thought ſhall enter the
" mind of him who expects happi-
" neſs to eternity."—The tribute being paid, ſoft ſlumber deſcended, and cloſed my eyes in peace.

THE DREAM.

WHEN nature is ſunk to reſt, the ſoul begins its excurſions—on the airy pinions of imagination. —Methought I was the ruler of a nation—and ambition was become the ruler of my actions—I determined to bring the whole world in ſubjection to my laws.—I called my people together—to make known to them the grand deſign of their ſovereign—my will was the law they obeyed.—" Prepare for war," ſaid I haughtily;—" I am tired of " peace—the world in fetters ſhall " own

" own me for its Lord."—No one preſumed to diſpute my will, and I retired to my cloſet through ranks of ten thouſand diſcontented ſlaves. I exulted in my power—although I found anxiety, diſcontent, and the waſp of envy fixed within my boſom. —There is but one Ruler in heaven, ſaid my aſpiring heart—there ſhall be but one upon earth—At the ſame inſtant the impious reſolution was formed, methought the ſpirit of my father ſtood before me—he waved his hand, and, looking ſternly at me, addreſt me in the following words:—

" The greatneſs of the Deity does not
" conſiſt in his unbounded power,
" but in the exerciſe of that power.

" —Edward,

" —Edward, thou art a tyrant; and " though I was once proud to call " thee ſon, I now diſclaim thee."— I awoke with terror, and looked round me with aſtoniſhment—and as ſoon as Recollection was ſeated on her throne, I thanked Heaven it was but a dream.—

THE MORNING.

SOON as the golden morning had chaſed away with her rays the ſhades of night, I left the dwelling of Almena.—I rambled through ſeveral ſtreets whoſe inhabitants were ſtill wrapt in the arms of ſlumber.—I met a few indeed who were anxiouſly going to obey the calls of induſtry.—The face of buſineſs was not begun, and guilt was but juſt driven by the light of day to hide its head till darkneſs ſhould return.—"How different," ſaid I, "now ap-"pears the face of things to what

" they will a few hours hence!—All
" now is peace and ſilence—all then
" will be noiſe, buſtle and imperti-
" nence."—The ſcene was in an
inſtant changed.

THE FIRE.

THE cry of fire no ſooner reached my ears, than I flew to the ſpot from whence it proceeded, and gave all the aſſiſtance in my power—The family were ſaved, but the building was conſumed—I invited the poor ſufferers into a publick houſe over the way, and ordered a breakfaſt to be prepared—We went to the windows to look at the ruins, and obſerved a ſight more dreadful than the fire—the mercileſs wretches round the ſcene of horror were ſtealing what the flames would have ſpared.—" Nancy," cried

the diſtreſt huſband, " I yeſterday " thought myſelf the happieſt of " human beings—I am now one of " the moſt miſerable."—" Endeavour " to be compoſed," ſaid I—" Man " was not born to paſs through this " life in the unclouded ſunſhine of " proſperity—had thy Nancy periſhed " in the flames, how much greater " had been thy misfortune."—" Very " true, Sir,—that would have been a " ſtroke I could not have borne—yes " I might have been more miſerable." " —Or I might have loſt my Henry." Gratitude ſparkled in their eyes—and they almoſt forgot their ſorrows.— " Ye are my friends," ſaid I,—" and " deſerve a happier fate—but al-

" though

" though ye are at this time fallen
" under the frowns of fortune, Pro-
" vidence may at laſt kindly ſmooth
" his brow."—" My brother!" cried
the tender wife—and flew to her huſ-
band's arms as if for ſhelter—they
were the only ſhelter ſhe had left—
A gentleman entered the room—
" Harry," ſaid he, " the news of
" thy diſtreſs has reached me, and
" thy danger and misfortune have
" ſoftened my heart in thy favor—I,
" from this moment, forgive thee for
" the theft thou haſt committed—
" My ſiſter was a treaſure I did not
" deſign for the arms of a tradeſman
" —but ſince ſhe preferred thy truth,
" and thou haſt uſed her well, though

" I withheld her fortune, I will this
" day give it into thy poſſeſſion—My
" coach is waiting at the door—you
" ſhall both go home, and reſide
" with me till another habitation can
" be procured."—He embraced his ſiſter—'twas no longer the houſe of mourning, but of joy, and their ſouls ſeemed bending beneath the conquering paſſions of gratitude and love—At parting, I ſhook the now happy huſband by the hand—and bade him remember, that misfortunes were ſometimes meant for good.—The flames being nearly extinguiſhed, and no farther miſchief likely to enſue, I left the croud, and paſt through the city as faſt as poſſible, in order to get into the fields—deſigning to ramble to Greenwich.

THE FIELDS.

THE roſy clouds ſkirted the top of the riſing hills, and reflected the beams of the morning ſun—the green carpet which was ſpread around, gave Nature a beautiful appearance.—I ſat me down to enjoy the luxurious treat which the proſpect afforded—my heart expanded with delight—I forgot my own cares, and the cares of others—the minds of men differ as much as their perſons.

THE DISCONTENTED MAN.

WITHOUT obſerving me, a man, who paſſed by, gave way to the following uncommon ſoliloquy:

—" I am rich—if money can make
" me ſo—yet what avails the having
" wealth? ſince I am doom'd to eat
" —drink—ſleep—and feel pain as
" others do——What ſignifies the
" having a heap of droſs which I
" never touch, and conſequently do
" not want?—My wife is handſome
" —but I am tired of ſeeing the ſame
" face ſo often—my children, I ſee,
" do not love me—and my ſcoundrel
" ſervants obey my commands with
" un-

" unwillingneſs."—" Go thy ways," ſaid I, with indignation—" advice " would be loſt on ſuch a one as thee " —thy ill nature perhaps makes a " worthy woman wretched—whilſt " all the charms of prattling inno- " cence are loſt upon a mind which " will not know ſerenity—Well may " thy ſervants obey thee with re- " luctance."—The world muſt be a mere blank to the ſon of diſcontent, and his ſoul muſt be toſt about by the waves of miſery—Is it not extraordinary, that the folly and ingratitude of mankind is ſuch—to make the path of life perplexed and intricate—which God himſelf made ſo plain, eaſy, and pleaſant for us?—

THE MILK-MAID.

SHE was fair as the ſnow on the plain which a ſun-beam had not kiſſed.—" Let me have half a pint " of milk," ſaid I.—She curtſied, and gave me the requeſted treat.—" Thou lookeſt like the favorite " daughter of Health," ſaid I, " and " thy liquor is a fit offering for thee " to make mankind."—She ſmiled at the ſtrange addreſs—and being paid for her milk, took up her pail, and tript from me with pleaſure and contentment ſparkling in her eyes—I called

called her back again—" I will have
" another half pint—becauſe it is
" grateful from thy hand—Art thou
" in love, child?"—She bluſhed, and
held down her head—" Don't be
" aſhamed, fair maid—love and inno-
" cence are the divine images of celeſ-
" tial pleaſures."—" It may be ſo,"
replied the artleſs liſtener;—" but I
" never was in love—and the gene-
" rality of mankind are repreſented
" to me as ſuch dangerous deſigners
" —that I ſhall ſhun them with as
" much care as I can."—Her lan-
guage ſurprized me.—" Thou art
" right," ſaid I—" nothing ſhould
" ſo much engage a woman's at-
" tention as the avenues which lead

" to

" to her heart.—Mankind are all, in
" their turns, fond of a rattle—but
" love is the rattle moſt in vogue
" amongſt the young and old—all the
" world are Cupid's followers."

THE PARTING.

A Servant was walking at ſome diſtance, leading his own horſe, and a lady's adorned with all the trappings of grandeur—I looked around for the fair owner—at the ſame inſtant I heard voices on the other ſide of the hedge—A lady, in an elegant riding dreſs, was earneſtly converſing with a young gentleman—ſhe ſhed tears—Nor was her companion more compoſed—every diſtracting, agonizing thought ſeemed painted on his face, which denoted the tempeſt in his boſom to be as rough and boiſterous

as

as the winter's ſtorm.—" Zorayda," ſaid he, " why wert thou falſe?"—" It was not falſehood," ſaid ſhe, " but the commands of a parent, and " the artful language of deceit, led " me from thy arms, and from all " my happineſs—You leave me, " Evander, the moſt miſerable of " human beings, a ſacrifice to am- " bition and credulity—I ſhall not " be long on earth's buſy ſcene, cried " ſhe, in an agony of woe; but I " will be the firſt to welcome you " on your arrival on the confines of " heaven."—" You talk of dying " with a voice ſo ſweet," ſaid Evander, " that you make even ſuch a " wretch as I am in love with life.—

" I muſt

" I muſt leave you—my ſoul can no
" longer ſupport this conflict—To-
" morrow I ſhall depart from Eng-
" land—may the huſband of Zorayda
" prove deſerving of the treaſure which
" he ſo baſely ſtole from me—On
" your account I cannot lift my arm
" againſt his life—He—the deteſted
" Belcombe—has raiſed you to a rank
" I never could have done—May
" love, peace, and ſerenity crown
" your days with uninterrupted hap-
" pineſs—and when ſurrounded with
" felicity, beſtow ſometimes a thought
" on that hapleſs wanderer—who will
" ever cheriſh your dear image in his
" breaſt."—He mounted his horſe,
and was out of ſight in an inſtant.—
She

She made no effort to detain him—hardly able to ſupport herſelf, ſhe turned back—her ſervant appeared—ſhe was ſoon ſeated on horſeback—The fair object was unhappy—and was charming beyond deſcription—Beauty in diſtreſs finds an eaſy paſſage to the heart of man—I wiſhed to relieve her anguiſh, and followed at a diſtance, whilſt ſhe rode ſlowly on.—

THE FALL.

REGARDLESS of life, ſhe was thoughtleſs of danger—her horſe took fright—plunged—and threw her to the earth—and ſhe laid to all appearance dead—I flew to her aſſiſtance—took her in my arms—and uſed every means in my power to recover her—her ſervant endeavoured to overtake the frighted beaſt, who, regardleſs of the ſtate of his miſtreſs, had fled from the ſpot with his utmoſt ſwiftneſs.—After chafing her temples, and rubbing her hands—and when I began to think her gentle ſpirit was

fled to the borders of heaven, there to wait the arrival of Evander's—ſhe recovered.—"Thank heaven!" ſaid I, "ſhe lives—ſpeak, Madam, "how do you find yourſelf?"—"Cruel ſtranger," cried ſhe, "why "ſo anxious to bring me back to a "life of miſery?—Evander, why "did you leave me?—Yet why does "the wife of Lord Belcombe think "of thee?—Deteſted union, hateful "title!—the bane of all my peace! "—How ſhall I return to a wretch, "ugly in perſon, but far more de-"formed in mind?—a libertine, "devoid of every honor but birth "and title—the pretender of probity "—the champion of religion—yet a

"Deiſt

" Deiſt and debauchee."—Her complaints wounded me—what arguments could be found to ſoften ſuch diſtreſs? " —Appearance," ſaid I, " is a " falſe curtain, behind which all ſorts " of diſguiſes are too often hid—for " thouſands would envy even thee, " fair ſufferer—Frankly more than " pities thee—for he feels thy an- " guiſh dart through every fibre of " his heart."—" If my father had " been in poſſeſſion of a heart like " thine, he had not ſold his child to " certain miſery, to ſatisfy his am- " bition and avarice."—How often does the fondneſs—folly—or ſordidneſs of parents force their children into ſplendid wretchedneſs!—Two

ſervants returned with a carriage for their lady.—" I dare not aſk you to " accompany me home," ſaid ſhe,— " they who join to deceive others " are ever ſuſpicious of being de- " ceived themſelves—but give me a " direction where to find you—and " if I am ever miſtreſs of myſelf and " fortune, you ſhall hear from me— " I will not be forgetful of the friend- " ſhip for which deſpair will not let " me thank you—at preſent, my " mind can form no other wiſh— " than to have this frame of clay laid " within the dreary bowels of the " earth—Should you ever meet " Evander, tell him you were the " preſerver of Zorayda's life:—and

" he

" he will thank you."—She ſpoke with heart-reaching pathos—I gave her the requeſted direction, and handed her to the carriage.—" Let the " dream of hope again ſpring forth " afreſh," ſaid I:—" what, though " thou art married to a man thou " canſt not love, and parted from one " thy ſoul adored—yet do not deſpair " —for happy days are wrapt up in " the hand of time for thee—If thou " ever ſendeſt for me, fair excellence, " I will attend thee, though thou art " placed at the fartheſt extent of " England—Commit no farther ſui- " cide on thy health and mind's peace " —for quickly does a variety of un- " foreſeen events ſucceed each other."

THE EFFUSIONS OF PITY.

PITY awakens tender thoughts—"Poor Zorayda," ſaid I, "thou "art going to the habitation of "grandeur, where thou wilt ſit as "diſconſolate as the lone flower on "the deſerted crumbling wall, totter-"ing by the hand of age—and "which time has rendered terrible—"like that ſweet flower, too, thou "art ſurrounded by the twining ivy "of deſpair—What, to thee, are all "the gay walks of life, ſince thy "Evander's loſt?—how dark and "diſcoloured are all the works of "God,

" God, when ſorrow inhabits the " mind!—May no flowers of diſap- " pointed fancy, or cruel baits of " remembrance, ſwell Zorayda's ſor- " rows into guilty repinings."—I met Lady Belcombe afterwards—but an account of that happy meeting muſt be referred to the ramble in which it happened.—

THE TRAVELLER.

WE are naturally fond of a companion in our journey through life—and I walked with the traveller as long as I could keep pace with him —he had a large pack on his ſhoulders. " —Thy burthen ſeems to ſit light " upon thy ſhoulders, friend," ſaid I. " —But, light as it may ſeem," returned he ſurlily,—" I feel its " weight with pain and fatigue.—I " was not born for ſuch ſervile " drudgery—but that bitch Fortune " deceived me, and neceſſity has bent " my neck to the yoke—For the " future,

" future, maſter, don't tell another " man his burden is light, unleſs you " felt the weight of it."—He walked off and left me.—" It was fortunate " for me," ſaid I, " that I was born " to walk in the retired ſhades of " life—to tread my ſimple path un- " noticed and unknown—no vain " flowers of hope e'er led me to the " thorny walks of ambition.—I am " ſorry for the traveller—Misfortune " and diſappointment have ſoured his " temper, and rendered him averſe to " ſociety."—I arrived at Greenwich without meeting any thing worth my notice—dined by myſelf at the firſt inn I came to—then walked into the park.—

GREENWICH PARK.

HOW delightful the ſcene! Nature was dreſt in all her glory—not a Zephyr moved a leaf—impregnate Fancy was ſtruck with a variety of mixed ſenſations—" How various are " the charms," ſaid I, " thrown around " to hide the rugged paths of life! " —the traveller muſt have forgotten " his misfortunes had he wandered to " this place—How much do we owe " to our parent Nature!—and what " an unaccountable depravity of " heart muſt that man poſſeſs who is " blind to the ten thouſand ſoft de-

" lights

" lights this world affords!—Be it
" the prerogative of greatneſs to be
" wretched—I, though poor, with
" pleaſed eyes, and grateful heart,
" can view the world—and every
" hour its varied charms preſent me
" with ſomething new and entertain-
" ing."—I wandered in Greenwich Park till the cooling gales of evening warned me to be gone.—

THE HOSPITAL.

"I Will juſt go in," ſaid I, "and "look around the ſpacious "building erected for the nobleſt of "purpoſes—that of ſheltering diſ-"abled worth."—I did ſo—and in every part of it found ſomething to admire.—Looks free from care are the index of a contented mind—I ſaw many of them here—Well might the ſtranger exclaim—that the Engliſh beggars lived in a palace—it ſeemed the palace of Benevolence, and my heart partook of the eaſe and ſatiſfaction which hundreds enjoyed beneath

neath its expanded roof—an aſylum which induſtry had procured for them.—*Poverty* is a diſeaſe which a great part of the world fly from as carefully as they would fly the plague, and merit is often left to ſink into ſilent ruin beneath *its* baneful ſhade.—What will be our reflections in the next world, when we come to ſee men diſtinguiſhed by their real worth in this?—To think of having neglected the man of merit for the ſpecious pretending hypocrite, will certainly in the Elyſian ſhades give us a pang.—

THE RETURN.

A Coach was going from Greenwich to London; I got into it, there was no other paſſenger. As ſoon as I alighted, I haſtened home to my Julia, and finding all my family well, and rejoiced to ſee me returned, ſat down and gave them an account of the incidents I had met with; and the evening paſſed chearfully away.

END OF RAMBLE II.

THE RAMBLES OF MR. FRANKLY.

RAMBLE III.

HOW uncertain is this life!—What a capricious dame is Fortune!—Often had I, in my hours of diſcontent, murmured againſt her blind ladyſhip—without giving myſelf time to reflect that the wheels of proſperity were ſtill in her poſſeſſion.—Let no one ever preſume to call the will of heaven in queſtion. The great

great chain of events is ordered ſo as to promote the welfare, and encreaſe the happineſs of mankind. Had I never known the cares which attend the humble ſtations of life, I ſhould not have known the real bleſſings of affluence—and might have fluttered through life, regardleſs of the wants of others.

I was one day juſt ſat down to a ſimple repaſt, which was rendered beyond deſcription grateful by the preſence of my Julia and her little cherubs, who, ſmiling with delight on their happy parents, partook the healthful meal with innocence, gratitude and joy—when a ſtranger abruptly

ruptly entered our apartment, followed by old Trueman, whoſe tears were chaſing each other down his venerable cheeks. I had ſome faint remembrance of the ſtranger's countenance, and enquired the cauſe of this viſit—He caught me by the hand—but, inſtead of ſpeaking, burſt into tears. I was ſurprized—" Friend," ſaid I, " ſpeak your diſtreſs; and if in my " power to ſerve you, depend on my " doing ſo to the utmoſt—ſorry I am " to ſay my power is limited."—" Ah! " Mr. Frankly," he cried, " this is " no more than I expected, from the " character I have heard of you—" but know, Sir, that I come to put " affluence in your poſſeſſion, and

" not to rob you of that trifle which al-
" ready ſo many have ſhared with you.
" You had an uncle, Sir, in Jamaica
" —he is no more—he ever loved
" you—and although, from ſome
" quarrel which had ariſen between
" him and your father, they never
" correſponded; yet he conſtantly
" received ſuch accounts of you that
" determined him to make you his
" heir. He died about ſix months
" ſince, leaving you a fortune of
" eighty thouſand pounds."—" Gra-
" cious God," I cried, " is it poſ-
" ſible?—If it is, enable me to
" ſupport this proſperity as I ought.
" Julia," ſaid I, " we had learnt to
" be content with a little—Yet, ſince
" Heaven

"Heaven has thought fit to bleſs us "with abundance, I truſt, it will "encreaſe our happineſs and that of "others." I took her in my arms, and we ſilently offered up our mutual thanks to the Great Diſtributer of all good. Recovering a little, I turned to the meſſenger of this good news, and enquired of him all the particulars relating to it—and found he had, from the time of my uncle's going abroad, been his companion, and the ſharer of his fortunes—the greateſt part of which he had acquired by trade, and, at different times, remitted to England, and placed in the funds —except about fifteen thouſand pounds, which had ariſen from the

ſale of his effects, and which this faithful executor of the will of his maſter put into my poſſeſſion in a few days. On my aſking how my uncle had provided for him, I found by his will, that he had left him an annuity of an hundred pounds a year, and a legacy of a thouſand pounds, which I paid him immediately. Within a few weeks he left us to pay a viſit to ſome friends in Wales, expreſſing a deſire of returning to finiſh his days near me, having already conceived an affection for me and mine—not only on account of our own goodneſs of heart, he ſaid, but as being nearly related to the benefactor from whom he received every bleſſing. Honeſty

and

and gratitude were charms not to be ſlighted. I made him a propoſal of living with me, to which he readily agreed, provided I would let him ſuperintend my affairs, as ſteward. Already had he been a faithful one to me, and I accepted the offer with joy. —Before he left me, I requeſted him to keep this affair a ſecret till his return, which was to be within ſix months—Which time I determined to live in my uſual way, without acquainting any one, except the parents of my Julia, with the unexpected alteration in my affairs.—He promiſed to obey me, and we parted.

THE CONVERSATION.

THE morning Honeſtus left me, I requeſted my Julia to accompany me to my ſtudy. "You ſee," I cried, "my angel, thou pure ſource "from which all my felicity muſt ever "flow, how Providence has thought "fit to crown us with its favors—and "that too, without depriving us of "a friend which we long had loved— "for although I ſhall ever revere the "memory of my bountiful relation, "yet, as I never knew him, I feel "not that agonizing woe which a "more intimate knowledge of him

"muſt

" muſt have occaſioned."—" True,
" my Edward," ſhe returned—" I
" feel all our bleſſings with gratitude
" not to be expreſſed. On yours and
" on my childrens account I more
" immediately ſhare in the profuſion
" thrown before us—We ſhall no
" longer feel anxiety for the dear
" babes in reſpect to fixing them in
" the world—and it will exempt
" from any future fatigue the man
" who is all the world to me."—
" And haſt thou no pride, my Julia,"
ſaid I,—" no impatience to figure
" away in the great world, adorned
" with the ſplendor of dreſs, attended
" by a throng of ſervants, and the
" pomp of equipage?"—A cloud

was ſpread over her brow; but was ſoon driven away by a placid ſmile.—
" Yes, my Edward, I have a pride—
" and it conſiſts in the pleaſing Heaven
" and you—and ſo long as I dreſs to
" pleaſe your taſte, I ſhall be ſatisfied
" —I wiſh not to raiſe the envy of
" the world: and the uninterrupted
" health with which I have hitherto
" been bleſt, has never let me feel
" the want of a number of attendants.
" I ſhould ſcarce know how to com-
" mand others to do that for me
" which I have been ſo long accuſ-
" tomed to do with eaſe for myſelf."
I claſped the dear charmer in my arms —told her my deſire of living ſome months as we had done, and of giving

away

away the intereſt of my fortune in relieving real objects of diſtreſs.—"'Tis a debt, I think, we owe to "Heaven—and the only way of "ſpeaking our gratitude. To-mor-"row we will ſet off for W***, "and ſpend a few days with Mr. and "Mrs. Selwyn—I am impatient to "make them ſharers in our felicity." Her eyes ſparkled with tranſport at my propoſal.—She was an unfaſhionable wife, and told me, I ever guided her to what was wiſeſt, beſt. She lightly tript from me, and I immediately went out to find an object of diſtreſs.

THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

INSENSIBLY, I wandered to the other end of the town. How fooliſh to expect to find a miſerable being amidſt the habitations of the great! Yet ſuch an one preſented itſelf, decorated with all the gaiety of dreſs and faſhion. Turning the corner of a ſtreet, my eyes encountered thoſe of a female, whom, methought, I knew. She ſeemed deſirous of avoiding me, which confirmed my ſuſpicions—I followed her, and ſoon called her by her name—She bluſhed, and anſwered, "Alas, Sir, why will "you

" you take notice of a wretch un-
" worthy the attention of any one?"
—She was the pretty, and once the innocent daughter of a reputable farmer in the neighbourhood of W***. She had left her parents, and fled to London with Sir George Thoughtleſs. This was all I then knew of her hiſtory.—" Hebe," ſaid I, " permit me to attend you home"
—She ſilently aſſented. We ſoon arrived at a noble houſe in —— ſtreet —a footman, in a rich livery, opened the door, and I followed my fair conductreſs into a grand apartment—In a faultering voice ſhe deſired me to be ſeated. I was pleaſed with the emotion ſhe diſcovered—it plainly

ſhewed,

ſhewed, that ſhe ſtill reverenced virtue; and that vice could not make her happy. "You ſee before you, "Sir," cried ſhe, "a miſerable "wretch, although ſurrounded with "affluence—but I have brought it on "myſelf. You were no ſtranger to my "leaving the beſt of parents about "five years ſince with Sir George "Thoughtleſs—yet, believe me, Sir, "I expected to be his wife. I have "lived with him from that unfortunate "period, and muſt do him the juſtice "to ſay, he has ever treated me better "than I deſerved. I believe he once "intended to make me his wife; but "by my own imprudence, I forfeited "all right to expect that honor."—

"Do

" Do not, miſs Freeman, brand your-
" ſelf, by ſo readily endeavouring to
" find excuſes for your undoer—
" Had he deſigned to marry you,
" would he have taken you from your
" parents, or uſed any arts to level
" you with the moſt infamous of your
" ſex?—I am ſorry to uſe ſuch harſh
" expreſſions; but your ſituation will
" not permit me to talk in any other
" ſtile. Would you be willing to
" leave Sir George?"—" Gladly
" would I leave him," ſhe cried—
" but I have no friendly roof to
" ſhelter my wretchedneſs. My
" parents have long forgotten their
" guilty, but repentant daughter."
—Her grief found an eaſy paſſage to

my

my heart—I expreſſed a pleaſure at what I heard—told her, that, if ſhe was willing to accompany me to W***, for which place I intended to ſet off the next day, I would undertake to reconcile her to her parents, and make her ſituation eaſy to her, by procuring her father a ſum for her board that ſhould exclude her from joining with her ſiſters in their laborious employments. Words cannot deſcribe her joy. She begged leave to retire—in a few minutes ſhe returned, dreſt in a plain, ſimple manner—and ſaid ſhe was ready to attend me. A tear was juſt ſtarting—I obſerved the poor, trembling drop, and aſked her if ſhe would leave no meſſage for

Sir

Sir George. "I own, I love Sir "George," ſhe replied—"but ſince "he has made me the wretch I am, "I would never wiſh to ſee him "more—may he be happy with a "better, a more"—Here, her ſpeech failed her.—I took her by the hand, and leading her to the door, called a coach, into which we both got—firſt bidding the ſervant tell Sir George, he might hear of miſs Freeman, either at the Rev. Mr. Selwyn's, at W***, or at her father's houſe.

We arrived at my humble habitation—to which I welcomed my new viſiter, and having acquainted my Julia with her fair neighbour's ſtory, ſhe

ſhe endeavoured to make the minutes paſs away as chearfully as poſſible—whilſt I, aſſiſted by Trueman, was preparing for our departure in the morning, which we had agreed ſhould be in a ſtage coach—for as we deſigned making a ſhort ſtay, we had previouſly determined to leave the three little ones to the care of our faithful attendants.

THE RIOT.

A Noiſe in the ſtreet attracted my attention; and the cry of, *Stop thief*, reſounded from the mouth of every one. I opened the door, and in bolted a poor wretch ſhivering with cold and fear, emaciated with care and want. He fell on his knees before me; at the ſame inſtant a conſtable entered, who had followed him to the aſylum into which he had fled. The pitileſs officer roughly caught him by the throat, as he was kneeling to ſupplicate my pity. I deſired him to let the unhappy ſufferer ſpeak, which he

unwillingly conſented to—ſaying he had no time to loſe. "You ſee, Sir," cried the offender, "a being, driven "by neceſſity to guilt—I attempted "to ſteal a morſel of bread to ſupply "the wants of nature—and am but "juſt returned from Quebec, where "I ſerved my King and Country to "the beſt of my power—but being "diſabled in the ſervice, my officers "thought fit to diſcharge me. I "would willingly have gone to the "place where I was born—but ſick-"neſs prevented me—and when all "my money was gone, I was reduced "to begging—at laſt to that of ſteal-"ing."—A bluſh flew to the cheek of him who told the tale of woe—a

tear

tear ſtole down the face of every hearer, but of the hardened conſtable, who curſed him for a hypocritical dog. I offered the man a guinea to leave his charge with me. Gold has ſtronger charms than miſery—it will buy compaſſion—and bribe the ſtern front of juſtice to wear a ſmile. He left the houſe, telling the people that the villain had eſcaped through a back door.

When the mob was diſperſed, and the poor wretch refreſhed by a comfortable meal, I gave him five guineas to defray his expences to the place of his birth—and he repaid me by the prayer he offered up to heaven for my health and happineſs.

THE JOURNEY TO W***.

THE morning arrived—and we were ſeated in the ſtage-coach before day-light appeared in the heavens. There were two paſſengers beſides my Julia, miſs Freeman and myſelf—but as we had all been diſturbed many hours before our uſual time of riſing, none of us ſeemed diſpoſed to be very converſable—but ſat in ſilent expectation of the firſt chearful ray which would diſcover the countenances of each other. At length our wiſhes were gratified—The ſun aroſe in ſplendor—and an old

ſea

ſea captain declared it was time to *let down the dead lights*—a motion which was violently oppoſed by the ladies—and therefore ſilence reigned for another hour—when a young gentleman, no longer able to reſtrain his curioſity, let down the window—Julia, at the ſame inſtant, opening her eyes, with an unmeaning ſurprize, fixed them on the young ſpark, who exclaimed, "Curſe me, but ſhe is the fineſt girl "I ever ſaw in my life." The old captain rubbed his eyes, and declared he had never met with a ſnugger birth, or better company ſince he had been at ſea—and catching miſs Freeman by the hand—"What ſay "you, my pretty maid?" She with-

drew her hand, but returned him no anſwer—He then offered her ſome refreſhment from a bottle of *pogrum* —whilſt the youth was paying a thouſand fine compliments to Julia. I ſat at one corner enjoying for ſome minutes the ſcene before me, and then called to Julia to tell me what time it was—It was high time to put in my claim, when a man was making love to my wife before my face. She returned for anſwer, " Its near nine, " my dear."—The enamoured ſwain looked quite creſt-fallen. The captain enquired of miſs Freeman if ſhe was married likewiſe—ſhe anſwered in the negative—and he adviſed the youth to change his quarters. In this

manner

manner we proceeded till we arrived at the inn where we were to breakfaſt, and where we left the young gentleman and took up an old maid. She did not appear deſirous of converſing —the captain having ſeveral times addreſſed her without receiving an anſwer. At length, he aſked her if ſhe wanted a huſband—('twas an intereſting queſtion) He told her that he was to diſpoſe of, and that ſhe need not fear to give him her hand—for he would learn to be as genteel as many others, and quietly put his horns in his pocket—She coloured as red as ſcarlet at this addreſs of the facetious captain, and ſaid, ſhe might thank her own folly for being expoſed to

ſuch vulgar ribaldry—that ſhe ſeldom travelled otherwiſe than in a *poſt-ſha*, and never would again.—People are fond of being thought of ſome conſequence. "The wind's full a-head," cried the captain—"Well, don't de-"ſpair, Mrs. Bridget—I did not ſpeak "ſeriouſly—another may—Hope's "the ſheet anchor of life—What, "though we are both ancient," ſaid he, "we may keep a ſnug birth ſome "years." The lady entirely loſt her patience. What woman likes to be thought old?—She called him a beaſtly monſter—and bawling to the coachman, deſired him to ſtop, and let her get into the baſket—for ſhe would go no further in ſuch company.

—The

—The coachman ſtopt—the lady left us—and the captain laughed heartily —declaring, the ill-natured old b—ch ought to have been heaved over-board. However, he frequently put his head out of the window to enquire how they did *in the next cabin.* Another ſilence enſued, till the old man addreſſed me—" I perceive, Sir, you " are the pilot of ſouls—pray what " think you of the pilot of the " nation ?"—Luckily, the coach, at that inſtant, ſtopt at the inn where we were to dine. I am no politician, and therefore was glad to avoid entering into a converſation on ſuch topicks—Matters are ſeldom mended for them —The old man was arrived at the

end

end of his journey, and accordingly took his leave—wiſhing we might not meet with another ſtorm in the courſe of our voyage. I parted from him with reluctance. There was an humorous and honeſt ſimplicity in his manners that pleaſed me—Mrs. Bridget would not ſay ſo much in his favor. We had no company but our own party at dinner—nothing therefore occurred. We were ſoon ſeated in the coach, and, ere Darkneſs had ſpread her ſable mantle o'er the world, we arrived at W***,

REFLECTIONS.

WHEN we arrived within ſight of the village where we had ſpent the earlieſt and the greateſt part of our lives, we each felt ſenſations not to be expreſſed. Sometimes my heart danced with more than rapture—the next moment it was depreſſed with unuſual ſadneſs. Julia was not leſs affected than myſelf. She, however, felt a joy at the expectation of ſoon meeting her good parents—whilſt the thoughts of thoſe I had loſt filled my boſom with awakened anguiſh. Every houſe

houſe—every meadow and tree reminded me of my boyiſh feats—and I lived my youth over again.—Miſs Freeman was more affected than either of us. Her countenance diſcovered the contending paſſions of her ſoul. She would have rejoiced, could ſhe have done ſo with innocence—But, deprived of the brighteſt ornament of her ſex, ſhe expected to meet reproaches, and to be ſhut for ever from the friendly embrace. Vice and virtue carry with them their rewards. Methought the following reflections aroſe to torment her:—

" How changed is every ſcene!
" That which once gave ſuch placid
" delight,

" delight, now appears dull and alarm-
" ing. Let me dwell ſome moments
" on that happy period, when no
" black reflections aroſe to make me
" regret the paſt—no painful dread-
" ful thoughts to make me fear the
" future—When my parents ſtudied
" my peace, and ſeemed to gather
" their felicity from mine—Whilſt
" they could claſp a ſpotleſs daughter
" to their boſoms. Innocence and
" plenty crowned my hours with
" delight—and every village ſwain
" hailed me for their queen.—Within
" the flowery vale of peace I lived.
" I then had never bent beneath the
" heavy weight of dreſs, which guilt

" had

" had purchaſed.—Cruel, deſigning
" man!—Why did you ever tell the
" tale of love?—or why to me?"—
A few ſilent tears eaſed the anguiſh
of her ſoul.

THE MEETING.

NO ſooner were the eyes of my Julia fixt on the habitation of her father, than ſhe ſeemed to have forgotten all the world—and was wrapt in ſilent extacy. The coach ſtopt—ſhe eagerly flew out—and, in a moment, was in the arms of her parents. When ſhe had diſengaged herſelf from their embraces, their joy was renewed at ſeeing me.—It was ſome time before we were enough compoſed to converſe with any degree of propriety.—They welcomed miſs Freeman to the country with that bene-

benevolent aſpect which at once revives the drooping heart—and I took the earlieſt opportunity of acquainting them with her ſtory. She had ever been a favorite with them till her unhappy fall from virtue—and we diſpatched a ſervant to requeſt the company of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman in the afternoon, without informing them who they were to meet. We now acquainted Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn with our good fortune—and the venerable old man expreſſed himſelf in the following manner:—"Kind heaven, "I thank you for thus cloſing my "pilgrimage with the bright proſpect "of the felicity of thoſe whoſe hap-"pineſs is dear to me as my own.—

"But,

" But, my children, let not the
" wealth you are now poſſeſſed of
" tempt you to forget thoſe virtues,
" from which many, as well as your-
" ſelves, have found happineſs. Re-
" member, you are but ſtewards of
" what is entruſted to your care—
" and whilſt you are grateful for
" the favours of Heaven, look
" upon fortune as a flatterer—never
" more to be feared than at the
" time ſhe is the moſt profuſe in
" her donations. Continue to live
" after the dictates of your own
" hearts, regardleſs of the opinion
" of the world—ſince, crowned with
" plenty, you are entitled to ſhare the
" indulgences of life—but health, and
" ſmiling peace depend on your par-

" taking them with moderation."—Here he ended—and I thanked him for his advice, which it was my determination to follow;—but begged he would allow me to ſettle on him and Mrs. Selwyn ſufficient to exclude him from performing any farther duty in the church. With a determined, but pleaſing voice he refuſed my requeſt,—telling me, he would not forſake his pariſhioners ſo long as he was able to offer him his beſt inſtructions—That when he was unable to execute his office, he would conſent to be a burthen upon me—but till then, he deſired others might have what I had ſet apart for him.—I told him they ſhould—and begged he would annu-

ally

ally receive an hundred pounds to diſpoſe of as he pleaſed.—The time for Mr. and Mrs. Freeman's arrival drew near—My Julia retired to another apartment with miſs Freeman—but could not huſh her fears to peace.

THE RECONCILIATION.

WHEN they arrived, they were ſhewn into the apartment where Mr. Selwyn and I ſat in ſilent expectation of their coming.—After welcoming us into the country, the converſation for ſome minutes turned on indifferent ſubjects—when a ſigh eſcaped the mother's boſom. I obſerved it, and aſked the cauſe. Mr. Freeman anſwered, "You can be no "ſtranger, Sir, to the loſs we once "ſuſtained, and which has left a "thorn in our boſoms which time can "never deſtroy."—"We ought not

"to

" to deſpair, my friend," I replied—
" your Hebe may return—if not
" ſpotleſs, yet filled with repentance
" for her paſt follies. Youth is prone
" to err—and love is the occaſion of
" ſorrow as well as joy. It has been
" the miſleader of many, Mr. Free-
" man, as well as of the pretty
" Hebe." " I know it, Sir," cried
he, with all the parent written on his
face—" I know the arts which that
" titled villain made uſe of to betray
" her: and would ſhe but return to
" me, I ſhould never reproach her
" for her faults, great as they have
" been."—" Nor I," cried the ſob-
bing mother—" but ſhe ſtill loves
" her betrayer better than ſhe does

" her poor parents."—At that inſtant Hebe burſt into the room, and throwing herſelf at her mother's feet, exclaimed, " Forgive me, oh! forgive " me—I will never again forſake " you."—What words can expreſs the raptures which followed!—'Twas all a luxury of joy. Every ſmiling charm of her youth returned upon their memory—every fault was baniſhed—each embraced, and wept over her by turns. " This is too much," cried the fair penitent—" a reproach " would have given me courage—" but this tender goodneſs I cannot " bear."—She retired with her mother. —I had made an offer of paying Mr. Selwyn for her board, who had previouſly

previouſly agreed to take her. He had anſwered for her—The propoſal was accepted with gratitude and gladneſs by Mr. Freeman. He had ſeen better days—knew the world—his family was numerous—He knew that labour could not ſit eaſy after a life of pleaſure—and it would diſcourage the reſt of his family were this unfortunate girl to receive any extraordinary indulgences—eſpecially, after having diſobliged him. His boys were rough and unpoliſhed—they might wound her by reproaches—or her ſiſters torment her with taunts and ill nature—and the living at Mr. Selwyn's would be a means of reconciling the world to her. Mr. Free-

man called me the protector of his child—the restorer of his peace. We promised, accompanied by Hebe, to make them a visit the following day.

THE VISITER.

AS we were ſitting at breakfaſt the next day, the ſervant entered the room to tell us a gentleman deſired to ſpeak with Mr. Selwyn. He was introduced—but no ſooner did miſs Freeman hear his voice, than ſhe flew to me, crying, "Save me, oh hide "me from him,"—and fainted at my feet. I found it was Sir George Thoughtleſs who had occaſioned this ſcene of terror and confuſion—and whilſt Mrs. Selwyn, aſſiſted by my Julia, were endeavouring to reſtore her to life, Sir George appeared in the

the utmoſt diſtreſs. " She is gone," he cried—" the lamp of life is for " ever extinguiſhed—curſt wretch " that I am!—'Twas I miſled her " artleſs youth." Hebe recovered—Sir George threw himſelf at her feet—She hid her face in the boſom of Mrs. Selwyn, and burſt into tears. " —Reſtrain theſe tears," he cried: " —every drop is a freſh wound to " my bleeding heart—if poſſible, " pardon me, my Hebe—I cannot " live without you—ſpeak—eaſe this " torture of ſuſpence—Once I was " beloved." " Vice, Sir George, " ſhall never again miſlead me—" Why will you pretend a paſſion for " her you muſt deſpiſe? And though " this

" this heart can never know a ſecond
" love, I beg never to ſee you more."
—The ſcene was great—a tear ſtole gracefully down the lover's cheek.—
" Well may you doubt, my fair one,
" ſuch a dark deceiver. Baniſh theſe
" agonizing fears, my love, and take
" your wanderer to your arms for
" life—Before theſe gentlemen I vow
" to make you mine—your boſom
" once was ſoft as gentleneſs—ſay, is
" it ſteeled againſt me now?"—Joy had the ſame effect as ſurprize—ſhe held him her hand, and was again deprived of life. When ſhe recovered, I ſhook Sir George by the hand—offered him my friendſhip—and told him, his preſent conduct had made

made me forget the paſt. I deſired we might for the future be friends—He politely anſwered, that I did him honor—ſaid, he ſhould ever eſteem the man, who had, by taking his treaſure from him, firſt taught him the real value of it, and by that means brought him to a proper ſenſe of thinking. "I own," he continued, "I have ever had an averſion to being "in company with gentlemen of your "profeſſion—you have at once recon-"ciled me to them—for you, I find, "Sir, can pardon another's errors." "—Or I ſhould but poorly copy the "example of my divine Maſter. I "have errors of my own—I hope "they will be pardoned." You ſee that

that *ſelf* is ever predominant.—Hebe was recovered—We left the lovers to themſelves, Sir George having firſt promiſed to accompany us in the afternoon to Mr. Freeman's.

THE MORNING's EXCURSION.

THE morning was fine—I propoſed to my Julia to take an airing, and call upon ſome of our friends—She readily conſented. We ſent to an inn—hired a chaiſe—and ſet off.—As we paſſed by the ſeat of the Earl of Frampton—" 'Tis pity," cried my gentle wife, " that Lord " Frampton has ſo large a fortune " with ſo ſmall a ſhare of benevo- " lence. I would have all men like " my Edward."—" Huſh," I cried " —every man, my Julia, has two " characters—From a friend of Lord " Framp-

" Frampton's I learnt his real one,
" and now revere the man which
" envy and detraction once made me
" deſpiſe. Lord Frampton is a good
" huſband to the moſt unaccountable
" of wives." " May not every
" *woman*, ſaid my Julia, ſlyly, have
" two characters?" —" Yes, my
" love, and that is the caſe with
" Lady Frampton—The world re-
" preſents her as an amiable woman
" —whilſt it throws a ſhade on the
" good qualities of her Lord.—His
" Lordſhip's fortune is not ample in
" proportion to his elevated ſtation,
" he therefore remedies that defect
" by the ſtrictneſs of his œconomy,
" and the contraction of his deſires.
" He

" He is determined not to be impoſed
" upon by his tenants nor dependants,
" and therefore inſpects his own ac-
" counts. He is not ſeen at New-
" market and Almack's, but knows
" the improvements to be made of
" his own property better than moſt
" of the ſtewards of other noblemen
" know theirs. Whilſt others aim
" only to be ſplendid, he takes care
" to be juſt, and what he wants not
" for the decent ſupport of his rank,
" he privately beſtows in relieving
" the wants of others.—His purſe is
" ſhut to impoſition—but always
" open to miſery.—He can look into
" his own heart with ſatisfaction—
" and is therefore unſolicitous about
" the opinion of the world."

FIRST VISIT.

THE chaiſe ſtopped—and we were inſtantly uſhered into a pleaſant apartment, where ſat Mr. and Mrs. Courteney. Mrs. Courteney had long been the friend of my Julia, and I had ever reſpected her huſband —more for his real worth than his rank in life.—Our reception was the ſame as if we had been people of the greateſt conſequence—in return for which our hearts inſtantly ſhared in their felicity, and wiſhed the continuance of it. Their goodneſs, ſenſe, and affability make every one who

ſees them their friends. What a pity that all mankind will not learn the ſame happy art!—Every ſmiling virtue inhabits their dwelling—There is no room for one vice. Their ſouls were paired by love from their earlieſt days—Hymen and friendſhip have made the tye ſtill ſtronger. From their happineſs a number of rejoicing friends find their own encreaſed. Could ſome of our modern pairs be a witneſs to their felicity, it would make them in love with the ſtate they had diſgraced.

Gratitude, guided by truth, preſents the picture.—We left them, as we muſt ever do, with reluctance.

SECOND VISIT.

WE ordered the poſtilion to drive to Mr. Manly's—In half an hour we arrived. Another ſcene of happineſs preſented itſelf—and my own was augmented.—Envy, ſurely, can only be found in the boſom that is deſerted by benevolence.—Mr. and Mrs. Manly were ſitting in a ſmall library, filled with well-choſen books; and were ſurrounded by a large train of their little ones, who were eagerly catching the precepts which fell from the lips of their parents.—They knew how to rear the tender plant—and

who will be ſo careful as a parent in that important charge?—They were capable of the taſk they had undertaken.—Each had a ſoul turned for domeſtick joys—and yet were ſhining characters in life. Many hours delight have the writings of Mrs. Manly afforded the world—and inſtruction has flowed from the pen of her huſband. Retirement is their choice—From that retirement the world will reap knowledge—Yet they are neither ſecluded from the ſociety of their friends, nor from an intercourſe with the higher ranks of life;—and few enjoy the ſocial hour with greater ſatisfaction. With the parents, I read in the countenance of the children their different

diſ-

diſpoſitions—In the elder, ſenſibility, ſenſe, humour, ſoftneſs—In the younger, all the playfulneſs of happy infancy.—Sir Thomas Townly entered on the ſame errand we had done—his good humour and chearfulneſs ever render him a welcome gueſt. The little ones rejoiced at the ſight of him; as his attention to their artleſs pleaſures had rendered him dear to each. The party was enlivened by his repartees—his converſation was lively—his ſentiments were ſuch as did honor to his rank. He had that polite eaſe which at once makes a perſon acquainted with a ſtranger.—We made our viſit much longer than cuſtom authorizes—and unwillingly took our leave of the agreeable party.

THIRD VISIT.

THE amiable Lady B—, with a form ſuperior to moſt of her ſex, has a mind even more exalted than her rank. In her piercing eye genius and ſenſibility ſit enthroned. Humble merit derives courage from her ſmiles. Her ear is deaf to flattery, though open to diſtreſs. She pours happineſs into the boſom of her noble huſband, and from that ſource finds it returned into her own.—At a time when faſhion has the power to ſet virtue at defiance—when malice, envy, and detraction are ever flying abroad to throw a ſhade over the brighteſt characters—*they dare* to be happy, good, and great.

FOURTH VISIT.

MR. and Mrs. Moreton were a contraſt to the happy pairs we had viſited—But we cannot always viſit the agreeable—It would be contracting our acquaintance to a ſmall circle. We found the huſband and wife ſitting together—he, in a careleſs, ſleeping poſture—ſhe, with anger painted on her countenance. They, however, expreſſed a joy at ſeeing us—I was pleaſed at an opportunity to give them pleaſure—but I ſoon found it was not in my power. Each by turns contradicted the aſſertions of the other—and gladly expoſed a fault. The ſervants with re-

luctance obeyed their ſummons—the children were baniſhed their preſence, and confined to the nurſery. Diſcontent appeared in every thing they ſaid or did.—Strangers to our good fortune, they pitied, with a kind of haughty ſupercility, the narrowneſs of our income.—I had never been ſo poor as they were—but I did not tell them ſo.

We took our leave.—"Alas!" cried my Julia, "that people can "have ſo many bleſſings thrown "around them, and yet ſtrew their "own path with miſery!"—"But, "that others ſhould be condemned "to ſuffer with them," cried I, "is "ſtill harder."

THE BALLAD-SINGERS.

GOING through the village where Mr. Selwyn lived, a woman with three children were ſinging ballads. The woman was dreſt neat and decent —the children were tuning their little throats to excite pity in the hearers— Compaſſion had written the ſong— and it came from the lips of diſtreſs. I ordered the boy to ſtop, and the following lines were ſung by a pretty child of about ſix years old:—

" Once better proſpects bleſt my hours;
" My ſimple path was ſtrewn with
" flow'rs:
" But ſickneſs, cruelty, and grief,
" Have forc'd my voice to aſk relief."

" Poor, harmleſs ſufferer!" I cried. " What pity, that thy path ſhould, " at ſo early a period, be planted " with thorns!" A tear adorned the cheek of my Julia—She was, like me, a parent. I called the little warbler to me, and he offered me a ballad—I enquired of him how he came to ſing about the ſtreets.— " Becauſe my daddy is ill, and our " landlord has turned us out of doors " —though my poor mammy ſings " in the ſtreets, ſhe cries when at our " lodging—we have no home now; " but are come a long, long way " from our town—there I had a " finer coat than this—and my " mammy was not ſo croſs as ſhe is

" now;

" now;—but don't tell her ſo."—
Misfortune will ſour the temper.—
What a tale of woe!—my heart was
wounded by the artleſs hiſtorian. I
took the ſong—gave the boy a guinea
—he went jumping with it to his
mother; but before we could get a
hundred yards, the poor woman called
to the poſtilion, deſiring him to ſtop
—and, coming to the ſide of the
chariot, told me, ſhe was ſure I had
made a miſtake in giving the child a
guinea inſtead of a ſhilling or half-
penny. Her honeſty charmed as
much as her diſtreſs had wounded.
" Keep the tribute, which was juſtly
" due to thee," I cried, " and receive
" another for thy honeſty—Mayſt
" thou

" thou never want a friend to ſoften
" thy woes—and may the voice of
" thyſelf and thy little ones affect
" the mind of every hearer as much
" as they have done mine." We ſoon alighted at Mr. Selwyn's. When dinner was on the table, Sir George led his Hebe into the room—Joy had painted her face with the rouge of content—Every one ſeemed happy—and as Hebe was impatient to impart her felicity to her parents, we ſat off as ſoon as dinner was removed.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

MISS Freeman and I firſt arrived at her father's houſe. No ſooner were we entered the apartment than her parents, with tears of joy, welcomed her return. Her brothers and ſiſters hung about her—The tranſport which her lover's return occaſioned, and the flattering proſpect which opened before her, gave her ſpirits to ſupport this interview. She knelt to her parents—embraced her brothers and ſiſters. Before we were tolerably compoſed, Mr. and Mrs. Selwyn, Mrs. Frankly, and Sir George entered the

the room—The ſcene was in an inſtant changed, and the honeſt farmer's cheeks were tinged with a bluſh of indignation.—" Sir George, (he cried) " this is too much—I live, 'tis true, " in your eſtate—but I cannot pa- " tiently ſubmit to ſuch injuries— " Turn me out of your farm—I care " not. I have other daughters— " would you ruin them likewiſe, and " ſend a poor old man, that never " injured you, to his grave with " infamy and ſorrow? whilſt his " daughter is what her heart ſhudders " but to think her. From infancy " ſhe loved you—Unhappy love! for " which you ruined her. You enjoy " the reputation of honor, generoſity " and

" and virtue—Long may you live
" to enjoy them—whilſt that poor
" victim, with an innocent ſoul, will
" be ever branded with all the infamy
" attendant on vice. Leave this
" houſe, Sir George—I will quit
" your farm rather than ever ſee you
" more."—Here he was interrupted by the baronet, who had patiently liſtened to his diſcourſe.—" That
" I deſerve your reproaches, Mr.
" Freeman, I acknowledge—but I
" come to make all the atonement in
" my power; and thus entreat you
" to give me this injured innocence."
—They both knelt at the old man's feet—he raiſed them up—burſt into tears, and left the room. Hebe ſunk into

into Sir George's arms, almoſt deprived of life. The mother invoked heaven to bleſs them—whilſt the young people ſtared with an aukward ſurprize on all around them. "Dry "up your tears, my fair one, (cried "Sir George)—without my Hebe "how could I know the ſmile of "joy?—The world, and its falſe "pride I now deſpiſe—Be every "doubt and care far from my gentle "Hebe's boſom, within which every "virtue dwells. Let the proud "world look down upon us with "contempt—It matters not."—Mr. Freeman returned—Joy and pleaſure enſued. The next morning was fixed for uniting Sir George and his Hebe

—and

and a few days after we were to ſet off for London with them—they to enjoy their deſerved felicity—and we to prepare for changing our ſituation. I propoſed taking handſome lodgings in a genteel part of the town—beſpeaking an equipage, and hiring ſervants againſt the time appointed for my emerging from obſcurity into what is called high life. I deſigned to ſtay only a twelvemonth in London, provided I could, in that time, happen of an eſtate in the country with a houſe upon it, which I ſhould like well enough to purchaſe.—In that twelvemonth I intended to partake, with my Julia, in the pleaſures of the great world—ſo far only as they

tended to amuſe—and to ſee what alteration the fortune I poſſeſſed would make in the face of perſons and things. I was not afraid that either my Julia or I ſhould become too fond of pleaſure—We were already ſenſible of the real bleſſings we enjoyed, and determined not to part with them for trifles—We likewiſe hoped to be a means of making others as happy as ourſelves. The world would have ridiculed our folly had they known it—but the intention was good—The procuring peace to one mortal would have been thought a great reward for our pains. We were more fortunate—and whilſt we were entertained with the new ſcenes, and variety of uncommon characters we met with—though

though we ſometimes ſuffered by the deſigns and impoſitions of men, we kept our hearts uncorrupted, and conſequently ſtrangers to the miſery which attends the bad. We were not difficult in chuſing our companies —but joined each polite circle. "We "ſhall find," ſaid I, "a mixture, "my Julia, in every publick place "—We will let our hearts dwell on "the good qualities of the amiable— "and 'tis poſſible for us to learn "virtue of the bad—for, by ſeeing "the blackneſs of their actions, and "the agony of their ſouls, it will "make us deſpiſe, and carefully "ſhun thoſe vices by which they have "fallen."

THE WEDDING.

SOON as the morning had begun to ſpread her ruſſet mantle, the ſervants were preparing for the joyful occaſion. Julia roſe early to attend her friend—Every face was dreſt in ſmiles. About eight we met in the parlour—proceeded immediately to church, where I tied the indiſſoluble knot, which made happy not only an amiable pair, but a worthy family. Sir George had been too much led away by the depravity of the times to ſcruple ruining the young and unwary. Hebe loved Sir George, and could

could not doubt the goodneſs of his heart—Both had erred—both repented —and were become worthy the happineſs which ſeemed to await them. —I do not pretend to excuſe their conduct—but I muſt be allowed to forgive them—'Tis the duty we owe to each other. Are we to be more inexorable than He who made us?—Guilty attachments have ſeldom ſo fortunate a concluſion—nor can it be ſuppoſed, any perſon, whoſe conduct will not bear the teſt of their own hearts, can be ſo happy as thoſe who never were imprudent.—Heaven ſhield me, and thoſe I love (which in fact are all mankind) from knowing how ſeverely vice puniſhes its votaries.

We were met at the church door by four young maidens, who walked ſtrewing flowers over the bride and bridegroom's head, till we arrived at Mr. Selwyn's. Lady Thoughtleſs made each a genteel preſent—Her parents were waiting to receive her. 'Twas all a ſcene of joy.—The happineſs which Sir George had begun to find ſpread itſelf o'er his ſoul, had introduced Benevolence, with all her ſmiling influence. He gave a writing to Mr. Freeman, whereby he had bound himſelf to permit him and his wife to live in the farm during their lives, rent free. He likewiſe gave five hundred pounds apiece to each of Hebe's ſiſters—and promiſed to ſtock

a farm

a farm for her eldeſt brother as ſoon as he was capable of managing one.

I ſhook Sir George by the hand—I no longer doubted the reality of his reformation—" Permit me now (I " cried) to beg the continuance of " your friendſhip whilſt on earth—" my ſoul will claim acquaintance " with thine when we meet in " heaven."

The effects of love are beautifully and wonderfully diverſified—It makes the ſerious gay, volatile, and airy—the gay ſober and ſentimental—reforms the libertine, and opens his heart to benevolence and honour.

THE RETURN.

WE ſet off for London with Sir George and Lady Thoughtleſs in their coach—The journey was pleaſant and chearful—They ſet us down at our habitation, deſiring to ſee us ſoon at theirs. Our children, led by honeſt old Trueman, met us—We had a preſent for each, which, joined to the pleaſure of ſeeing us, made every face appear as delighted as their hearts.—In a few weeks after our arrival, Honeſtus returned—Many of his relations and friends were dead—he therefore did not chuſe to ſtay longer

longer in a place which had loſt the chief part of its delights. I immediately employed him in managing our affairs. He ſoon hired us lodgings and ſervants, and every thing was prepared againſt the time of our removal. I waited upon my rector—he expreſſed a regret at parting with me—(though my viſits had been deſired to be but ſeldom repeated)—and finding I no longer wanted his aſſiſtance, offered to lend me a ſmall ſum to pay any debts I had contracted, and to raiſe my ſalary ten pounds a year. Such an offer would, a few months before, have awakened all my gratitude—The ſcene was changed—He had

once,

once, in my diſtreſs, refuſed to advance a few pounds before they were due.—I begged he would transfer his intended friendſhip to his next curate, who might poſſibly want it as much as I once had done. A young gentleman was appointed to ſupply my place—his diſcourſes were ſenſible—his manners pleaſing and familiar—I yielded up my charge to him without reluctance.

At the end of ſix months we removed to our new apartments—And if theſe Rambles ſhould be ſo fortunate as to pleaſe the generality of my readers, the rambles, and various incidents which my Julia and I encountered

tered during the firſt year of our figuring in high life, are very much at their ſervice—having collected and prepared them for the preſs before I retired from the great world.

FINIS.